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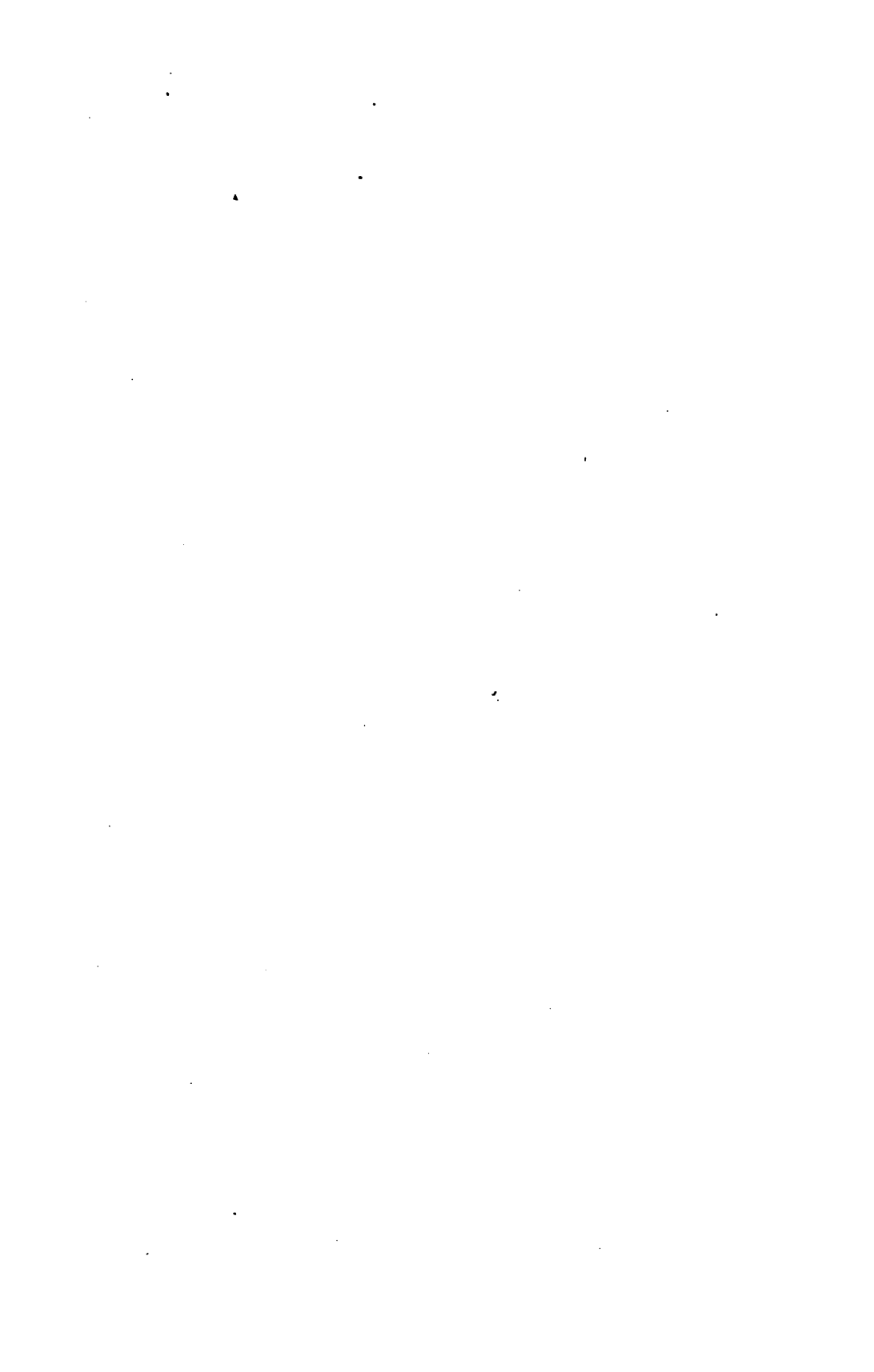
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IN · MEMORIAM ·
R · S · CANDLISH · D · D ·
DIED · OCT · 19 · 1873

SERMONS · PREACHED · IN ·
FREE · ST · GEORGE'S · EDINBURGH · NOV · 2 · 1873



100

IN MEMORIAM.

R. S. Candlish, D.D.

Died October 19, 1873.

S E R M O N S

PREACHED IN

FREE ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH,

ON SABBATH, NOVEMBER 2, 1873.

By the

Rev. Dr. Buchanan, Glasgow;

and

Rev. Dr. Rainy, Edinburgh.



EDINBURGH: T. NELSON AND SONS.

1873.

Sermon

BY THE REV. DR. BUCHANAN.

SERMON

BY THE REV. DR. BUCHANAN.

"The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."—ISA. lvii. 1.



HERE could hardly be a more fatal sign of the condition and prospects of any community than the existence in it of such a state of things as our text describes. When a people cease to cherish and venerate moral and religious worth; when the death of eminently good and holy men hardly attracts notice and awakens no regret, and when the solemn lessons which so great a public calamity is fitted to teach are totally disregarded, the fact is ominous of coming wrath and ruin. It painfully indicates that the cement which binds human society together is undergoing a process of dissolution.

In the course of its eventful history, our fallen world has often exemplified this truth. In the days that were before the flood the righteous perished, and no man laid it to heart. The sons of God—those who had the spirit of an Abel, a Seth, or an Enoch, disrelished and opposed by the ungodly spirit of the age in which they lived—were at length, in God's divine displeasure, taken, one after another, away. And what was the terrible consequence? The earth became

corrupt, and was filled with violence. Engrossed with their eating and drinking, their planting and building, their marrying and giving in marriage, the men of that sensual, antediluvian world considered not that the righteous, in whose gradual disappearance they rather rejoiced than grieved, had been taken away from the evil to come. But their reckless levity and selfish unconcern did not hinder the evil, from which the righteous were being removed, from overtaking themselves. The heavens grew dark with judgment, when the despised lights that once shone in it, had all sunk back into the depths of the sky. The vengeance of the Almighty was let loose, and the flood came and took them all away!

The same truth was illustrated, in a hardly less terrible form, subsequently to the coming and the crucifixion of our Lord, in the case of Jerusalem and the Jews. Piety had long been upon the decline among God's ancient people. The men who sat in Moses' seat, and who ought to have been the guides and guardians of the nation's moral and spiritual life, had become the chief transgressors. Even that partial awakening to a sense of sin, and that temporary revival of religious thought, which attended the solemn preaching of John the Baptist, and which spread still wider abroad under the ministry of our Lord, served only, in the long run, to rouse into intenser activity the ungodly spirit of the time, and to turn it with a fiercer enmity against the cause and kingdom of God. The righteous and merciful One Himself, after being publicly disowned and rejected, was, by a national act, put to a cruel and ignominious death, and neither princes, nor priests, nor people laid it to heart. Loving and God-fearing men, like Stephen, were stoned and slain; and none considered that, by such savage deeds, they were only taking these righteous and

merciful men away from the evil to come. Piety and purity, goodness and holiness, systematically discouraged in the midst of this abounding wickedness, fled up to Heaven. And the salt being thus withdrawn from the increasingly corrupt mass of Jewish society, its crimes, ere long, rendered it intolerable alike to God and man. The measure of the nation's iniquity had come to the full. He who is slow to wrath, but who is also of great power, and who will not at all acquit the wicked, uplifted His avenging arm, and their city, their temple, and their nation perished.

Nor is it only in the records of Scripture that we can trace the fatal influences of such a state of things as that to which our text refers. The thoughtful student of history will not fail to recognize that state of things as the sure precursor of disaster and overthrow wherever it has appeared. In his great work on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," its author, sceptic though he was, and little either disposed or qualified to mark the operations of God's mighty hand, is, nevertheless, constrained to acknowledge that not the power of Rome's *external* foes, but the canker of her own *internal* corruptions, brought on her ruin. Such virtues as even Pagan Rome once knew,—severe simplicity of manners—patient industry—indomitable hardihood and courage—a proud sense of honour and truth—stern, self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the state,—were no longer held in esteem. The few who retained and cherished such virtues, perished; and no man laid it to heart. The very soldiers, enervated by luxury and ease, pusillanimously abandoned both the nation's defence and their own. The material prosperity of the empire died out with the virtues of its citizens. Want and misery grew apace. And yet at the very time when destitution and disease and death were at the height in one class of the population, the wildest

excess and extravagance were running riot in another. "The mad prodigality," the historian says, when speaking of this unnatural and revolting spectacle, "which prevails in the confusion of a shipwreck or of a siege, may serve to explain the progress of luxury amid the misfortunes and terrors of a sinking nation."

It needs not to say, that examples of the same thing have not been wanting in more modern times. I shall content myself with singling out and specifying only one. It belongs to the history of a neighbouring kingdom, and may be said, without a particle of exaggeration, to have been written, again and again, in characters of fire upon its palace walls. For two centuries France had not only seen the righteous perish, without laying it to heart; but during that long period it had done its very utmost to cause them to perish. By a series of remorseless persecutions, it had dyed its hands deep in their blood. The pure faith of the gospel, in which these righteous men had found life and peace, and from which they had derived all those Christian graces by which their character was adorned, France spared no pains to eradicate from its soil. The adherents of that faith it chased, at one time, by hundreds of thousands into exile; while, at other times, it slew them in numbers as great with the sword, or drowned them in its rivers, or burned them at the stake. And while men, full of that loving and merciful spirit which the gospel inspires, were being thus rapidly thinned out of the land, none considered that they were being taken away from the evil to come. But it is not more true of individuals than it is of nations, that what men sow, *that* shall they also reap. By its ceaseless oppression of God's cause and people, France had been sowing the wind,—sowing, that is, the seed of social storms and political convulsions. And, in the due

time, it reaped the fitting harvest in the whirlwind of its terrific revolution: a revolution in which the whole social fabric was loosened from its foundations; and out of which a state of anarchy arose in which law was dethroned; in which all authority, human and divine, was trampled under foot; in which religion was abolished, the very name and being of God were disowned; in which atheism was adopted and proclaimed as the nation's creed, death pronounced to be an eternal sleep, and the day of judgment to be a delusion and a dream; and when, as the fruit of these fiend-like enormities, human blood was shed like water, and no man could call his life his own.

Events like these—and all history is full of them—present a truly startling commentary on the words of our text, and may well stir us up to give to them the most earnest and prayerful consideration. They are fitted to remind us of what, perhaps, *we* had not before sufficiently adverted to,—that a great depth and force of meaning lies in the statement our text contains; and that it is no common danger and no common sin against which God is here putting us on our guard. When we proceed to look at the text more closely, there are two things that cannot fail to suggest themselves as plainly implied in it, and as constituting the chief lessons it is fitted, and no doubt intended, to convey. (1.) That the righteous and the merciful are among the most precious of God's gifts to a community and to a Church. And, (2.) That to depreciate or despise these gifts is to provoke the Giver of them to take them away, and to visit with some signal token of His divine displeasure the people who are chargeable with this heinous sin.

I. First, then, let us for a little turn our attention to the fact, so plainly taught in the text, that the kind and class of men there spoken of are among the most precious of

God's gifts to a community and to a Church. By the men in question, we are evidently to understand the people of God. "The righteous," is the most common and characteristic title by which, in Holy Scripture, God's people are named and known. When God would single out Noah as the last remaining representative of true godliness, it was by this very word his character was summarily described. Thee, said the Lord, addressing him, "*Thee* have I seen righteous before me in this generation" (Gen. vii. 1). Again, when God would hold up His own people, in contrast with those by whom He is dishonoured and disowned, He thus speaks: "The Lord will not suffer the righteous to famish; but he casteth away the substance of the wicked." And, again, "The mouth of a righteous man is a well of life: but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked." And, once more, when He would tell who those are who shall enter into His glory in the world to come, it is still the same distinctive term He employs: "The righteous shall go away into life eternal" (Matt. xxv. 46).

It is hardly necessary to observe that the other descriptive expression, "merciful men," is not intended to represent a class additional to, and different from, the righteous. It is meant simply to present another aspect of the character of the righteous. That this is so, is made conclusively manifest by the fact that, in this very text itself, the word merciful is used interchangeably with the word righteous. "*Merciful* men are taken away, none considering that the *righteous* is taken away from the evil to come."

Thus understood, it can need no argument to prove how inestimable a blessing such men are to a community or a Church. Had even ten such men been found in Sodom, their presence would have saved it from destruction. For their sakes the sword of Divine vengeance, though already

unsheathed, would have been returned to its scabbard without striking the fatal blow. They are the salt of the earth : they are the light of the world. It is on their account that the whole existing order of things is upheld. For no sooner shall God have gathered His elect, His righteous seed, from the four winds, than the heavens and the earth which are now shall be dissolved.

But not only,—as thus serving to throw a shield of protection over the cities and nations to which they belong,—is the presence of these men an inestimable blessing ; it is still further a blessing, whose value is unspeakably great, in respect of the numberless beneficent influences which they exert—influences which purify and sweeten and elevate the whole condition of the society in which they mingle, and stamp it, often, with a nobler character and destiny for ages to come. Take, for example, such a man as Abraham, who commanded his children, and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord, and to do justice and judgment ; who, wherever he came, builded an altar to the only living and true God,—and by his consistent piety, and undeviating integrity and enlightened wisdom, restrained vice and wickedness on every side ; and by his holy life and conversation diffused an atmosphere of goodness all around him, so that he became, by way of eminence, the father of the faithful, and friend of God. Or take such a man as Samuel, whose early devotedness to God, whose zeal for the divine glory, whose high integrity and commanding energy, rescued his country from disgrace and ruin, and raised it, for a long season, to dignity and honour. Or take such a man as the Son of Jesse, whose deep communings with God have fed the spiritual life of tens of thousands of God's children in every succeeding age. Or, once more, take such a man as Paul, overflowing

with love to the Lord that bought him, consumed with burning zeal for the conversion of perishing sinners, and counting not even his life dear unto himself, that he might finish his course and the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God, and to extend and establish that blessed kingdom, which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Take, I repeat, such examples as these, and say if it be possible sufficiently to estimate the amount of blessing which the presence of such men—even of a handful of such men—may, under God, be the means of bringing down upon this world.

At the same time, let me here take occasion to say that, in singling out such illustrious names as those now adduced, it is not at all intended to imply that, in this firmament of gracious and benignant influences, only stars of the first magnitude can be of any avail. Not so. Of the righteous there are tens of thousands who, in the deep obscurity of private and humble life, are, like their blessed Master, going about daily doing good. There are righteous mothers and grandmothers, like Lois and Eunice, who, by their godly lessons and holy example to their children, are training up future Timothys to minister to the Church and people of God. There are merciful disciples, like Tabitha, whose kindly services and sympathies are making the heart of many a poor widow, or fatherless child, to rejoice. There are righteous maidens, like her who served in the house of Naaman the Syrian, who know how to speak a word in season for Israel's God. There are merciful widows who, out of their deep poverty, are casting in their little all into the Lord's treasury, and helping forward His cause and kingdom by their believing prayers. And as there is not one of these whose presence

in society or in the Church of God is not a precious boon, so, assuredly, there is not one of their number who shall lose his or her reward.

In a word, if we would desire to know how great a blessing the righteous are to this fallen world, we have but to think of the good which, collectively, they have wrought. The righteous are, in other words, the living members of Christ's Church ; and to them, instrumentally, it is due that pure Christianity has maintained its footing, and is still extending its humanizing, enlightening, sanctifying, and saving power among the inhabitants of this guilty and perishing world. But if, on the one hand, this fact abundantly proves how immense is the blessing the righteous are dispensing to their fellow-men, it goes, on the other, not less clearly to prove that the righteous are the gift of God. They are not the natural growth of fallen humanity. These trees of righteousness,—these plants of renown,—are plants of the Lord's planting. They are the products of His own heavenly grace and truth. They are righteous, because God has made them so ; because He has clothed them in the justifying righteousness of His blessed Son ; and because He has wrought in them a personal righteousness by the regenerating and sanctifying grace of His Holy Spirit. They are merciful, because, in being born again, and in being made one with Christ, they have become, by adoption, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty ; and, as such, have learned to be merciful as their Father who is in heaven is merciful. And, accordingly, instead of taking praise to themselves for any services they may have been privileged to render to the cause of humanity and godliness, they are ever ready to say : " Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us ; but unto thy name give we glory for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

II. And now, then, let us turn our thoughts briefly to the second thing proposed,—which was to show that to despise or depreciate these gifts of God—these righteous and merciful men—is to provoke Him to take or withhold them from us, and to visit us, besides, with some signal token of His divine displeasure. That this is one of the leading truths taught by the text, must be apparent to every one who attentively studies it. For, *first*, the text plainly holds it up as a most astounding and condemnatory fact, that such a thing should be, as the righteous perishing, and no man laying it to heart. And, *second*, it as clearly intimates that there is a close connection between this way of acting and the coming upon the community, chargeable with it, of some sore evil. Of the precisely opposite way of acting we have an impressive example in the case of the Psalmist, when we find him, in deep sorrow and solicitude, exclaiming, “Help, Lord ; for the godly man ceaseth ; for the faithful fail from among the children of men” (Ps. xii. 1). In such a prayer there is a just recognition, both of the great and lamentable loss which society and the Church sustain when such men are removed, and also of our entire dependence upon God for getting that grievous loss repaired. But so to think and feel, in face of losses of that kind, is not the spirit of this world. The very presence of the righteous is distasteful to the carnal mind. To such a man as Ahab, Elijah was a perpetual offence. To such a woman as Herodias, the Baptist was a standing reproach. The very thought of such holy and godly men falls like a dark shadow across the path of those who are living in sin—who are sowing to their flesh—who are walking according to the course of this world. The deep instinctive aversion with which sin thus recoils from holiness and rebels against it, is, in truth, the real secret of those many fierce persecutions which

God's Church, in proportion as it has been true to its high calling, has, in every age, had to endure. It is the old, in-born enmity of the seed of the serpent which is thus, ever and anon, breaking forth against the seed of the woman. And in proportion as that enmity prevails in any community, it is the thing to be looked for, that when the righteous perish, no man will lay it to heart.

But can such conduct be otherwise than deeply displeasing to Him who ever identifies His people with Himself? His people are His witnesses; and the community that will not regard the testimony of their heavenly counsels and holy lives, that sets no value on their presence, and that sees their removal without a sigh or a thought, is in the sure way to draw down upon itself the judgment of Almighty God. That judgment, in whatever form of evil it may come, is the due reward of the dishonour so done to Him. "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth!" Nor is it difficult to understand how the conduct, which our text signalizes and condemns, should bring on the evil of which it speaks as sure to follow. The kind of men to whom it refers are the very life-blood, both of the community and of the Church. Their saintly character, their personal and public virtues, their loving and gracious spirit, their elevating and purifying influence, while they powerfully restrain vice and crime, they not less strengthen, encourage, and embolden all who are on the side of piety and goodness. The influence they thus exert, always felt though not always seen, raises the tone and standard of public opinion on every question of truth and duty, and tends mightily to increase the righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. The taking away of such men, on the other hand, is like the withdrawing of the wholesome and guiding light of day, and the coming on of night. All vile and venomous things now begin to creep

forth. Vice becomes more shameless, crime more bold, impiety more daring; and as iniquity thus grows and abounds, the love of many who *had* once been on the other side waxes cold. At last the long-suffering patience which in the days of righteous Noah waited one hundred and twenty years, reaches the limit beyond which God's moral government cannot suffer it to go, and the hour of retribution arrives. God comes out of His place to execute His work,—His strange work,—and a new and terrible demonstration is given to the world, that it is an evil and a *bitter* thing to depart from the living God!

And now, brethren, turning from these general reflections, and proceeding to look at the bearing upon ourselves of the text which has suggested them, it will surely serve, in this view of it, powerfully to arrest and deeply to solemnize our minds. Not many Churches, of the same limited extent, ever had, at one and the same time, so goodly a number of men of high intellectual and spiritual eminence in the ranks of the ministry, as our Church had thirty years ago. But, alas! of these front-rank men—these righteous men—these masters in our Israel—few or none remain. One after another they have been taken away; and if we fail to hear the rod, and Him who hath appointed it, and to humble ourselves under His mighty hand, there will be only too much reason to apprehend that there is evil in store for the coming time,—evil, of whose approach there are not awaiting, even already, some ominous signs. It is not my intention, however, to make any attempt either to forecast the Church's future, or to pronounce upon its present condition. My concern rather is—and my aim in what I have yet to say will be—that your minds and my own may be rightly exercised by God's dealings with us, in the taking away of so many of the choicest of His servants from the

midst of us, and especially in the taking away of him whose death lies this day so heavily on our hearts.

It has been often noticed that men of remarkable eminence come in groups, and shine together, like the congregated stars of some great constellation in the firmament of heaven. Poets, artists, and orators, philosophers and men of science, warriors and statesmen, have been often thus found appearing in companies, dazzling the world for a time by their collective genius and their combined achievements, and disappearing, as they came, together. The same thing has been not less observable in the Church of God. It, too, as well as secular society, has again and again had its Augustan age. It has had its culminating periods, when it has towered up far above its wonted level; when the gifts and graces bestowed upon it by Him who is the head of the body, and who is the source and fountain of all its spiritual endowments, have been marked by a richness and fulness, a variety and power, such as to have left their stamp upon the age to which they were given, and to have made it, ever after, a bright and memorable era in the history of the kingdom of God.

Are we to imagine that these things are the result of chance,—the result of a mere fortuitous concurrence of events and circumstances, without design or plan? Assuredly no. Nothing is, or can be, fortuitous under the government of God, and least of all is anything fortuitous in that spiritual kingdom for the sake of which it is that material nature and civil society are maintained. He who is over all does nothing in vain. If He sends at any time, either into the world or into the Church, unusually remarkable men, it is because He has some work to be accomplished for which their special instrumentality is needed. When He would bring forth the tribes of Israel out of Egypt, and

mould a race of slaves into a nation of free and God-fearing men, He did not commission, as their leader and lawgiver, an inexperienced youth, but a man of maturest age, of largest experience, of profoundest wisdom, and of deepest piety. When He would raise up and send forth an Apostle of the Gentiles to commend the gospel of Christ, not to unlettered men, but to intellectually cultivated Greeks and Romans, He employed, not one of the untutored fishermen of Galilee, but Saul of Tarsus—a man accomplished in all the learning, divine and human, of his time. When He would cleanse the Augean stable of the Church of Rome—when He would rescue and restore to its rightful place of preëminence the long-lost Bible, which had for centuries been buried beneath the ignorance and corruption of the Middle Ages—when, in a word, He would reform the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the house of God, and deliver Churches and nations from the soul-destroying errors and immoralities of the Papal antichrist—He made use, not of pigmies, but of giants, to fight that great battle against spiritual wickedness in high places—against the rulers of the darkness of this world. Such men were needed in those great emergencies, and such men were accordingly given.

And even so, if at a comparatively recent period in the history of the Church of our fathers, the Lord was pleased to bestow the almost unexampled combination of great qualities that was embodied in that cluster of distinguished men to whose lamented decease I have just referred, beyond all question it was because the Church was then advancing towards a crisis of her history—a crisis that would demand the aids of her highest wisdom, of her intensest evangelical earnestness, and of her strongest fortitude and faith. Hence the precious gifts that were then so seasonably and so abundantly be-

stowed. Seldom perhaps, if ever, were men of living piety, and holy zeal, and self-sacrificing devotedness to the cause of Christ, so rapidly multiplied. Compared with the apathy and deadness, and headlong conformity to the world, which characterized the previous century of the Church's history, the change that took place in the course of the twenty years immediately preceding the Disruption could be likened to nothing but life from the dead.

It was in that quickening time—that time of special reviving and refreshing from the presence of the Lord—that Dr. Candlish was prepared for the ministry, and for the marvellous life-work in connection with it that, all unknown to himself, was then lying before him.

A few years before his ministry began, the sudden death of a truly great man—a man who, by the sheer force of his commanding intellect and noble character, conquered for evangelical religion a position in the most cultured circles of this proud city, such as it had never before, in modern times, achieved—had left a blank in its most conspicuous pulpit, which seemed as if it could never again be adequately filled. For a brief interval that pulpit was subsequently occupied by one of the best of men, but him also death too soon removed; and again the need, for Edinburgh and for the Church, which Dr. Thomson's decease had created, was more vividly and more painfully realized than ever. Happily, in that memorable time, when the righteous were thus taken away, there were many who laid it deeply to heart, and who also laid their felt want and their great anxiety before the Lord.

The servants die, but the Master lives! And His name is Jehovah-jireh—*The Lord will see to it; The Lord will provide.* When, in the days of old, the successor of the mightiest of the prophets of the ancient Church was found

in the person of one who, in obscurity, was following the oxen and the plough, the surprise throughout Israel could hardly have been greater than that which, thirty-nine years ago, ran through our own country when one, whose very name was altogether unknown to the Church, was called to fill the most conspicuous and influential position within its bounds. Under the wise and wonder-working providence of God, Robert Smith Candlish had, for six years, been left to exercise and mature those rare gifts and acquirements, and those marvellous capacities of intellect and utterance, which, when he was suddenly called to occupy the pulpit of St. George's, made him burst forth upon the world as perhaps, take him all in all, the very greatest preacher of modern times.

The burden of a reputation so immense as that which, almost immediately, he acquired, is not easy to carry, and is peculiarly hard, for any considerable length of time, fully to sustain. By the grace of God he bore it, not only unlessened, but ever increasing, on to the end of his long and most blessed career. Brilliant as that career was, it never for a moment turned his head. It dazzled others, but it never dazzled him. At the highest, he was always so far below his own ideal of what a minister of Christ and a preacher of the glorious gospel of the blessed God ought to be; and he had, in consequence, habitually present to his mind, so deep a sense of failings and shortcomings in every department of his work for God, and of his walk with men, as kept him truly humble.

It has been my privilege, during the last fifty years, to live in the personal intimacy and friendship of many distinguished men. And looking back over that lengthened period, I can truly say, that I never knew one more unpretending—less lifted up by the great position he occupied,

by the immense influence he wielded, or by the high consideration in which he was held.

But why should I enlarge on the qualities as a preacher of one who, in this respect at least, was necessarily far better known to you than to any one else in the world? There are some here who sat under his ministry from its commencement to its close. There are multitudes more who have been successively carrying away from it, into the various and important spheres of life which Providence has opened up for them, lessons and influences that have permanently blessed their own souls, and made them a blessing to others. There are numbers, perhaps as great, who have already, for many years, been bearing grateful and joyful testimony to the preciousness of that ministry in the presence of God and of the Lamb in the sanctuary above. And there are still *here*, where that ministry was so recently closed, the many members of this great congregation, in whose ears his earnest voice still seems to ring, and whose saddest thought this day is, that they shall see his face no more!

One may speak of these things, and, by means of them, may try to convey to others some faint conception of what a ministry his has been. But eternity alone will fully reveal what God honoured that ministry to achieve for His own glory, and for the conversion and salvation of immortal souls.

The department of his public life in which he was best known to me was that which belonged to the courts and to the work of the Church. The commencement of his career, as is well known, was contemporaneous with the beginning of a conflict which has left its mark, broad and deep, on the history of our time. That conflict turned on the character and claims of the Church of Christ as a spiritual

kingdom, and on its constitutional relation in Scotland, as established by law, to the civil power.

It was the high and sacred interest thus attaching to that conflict which drew into it, with their whole heart and soul, those remarkable men, already alluded to, whom God had so evidently raised up for the work that had then to be done. And if it may be allowed to one to speak upon the subject who himself lived through it all, and who possessed advantages for knowing both its outer and its inner history such as, in the same degree, hardly perhaps belong to any other survivor, I would venture, with no hesitation, to say that, from beginning to end of that momentous conflict, no single individual filled so large a place in it; and that no one exerted so sustained and so commanding an influence, either in expounding and vindicating the vital Scripture principles it involved, or in bringing out of it those mighty and blessed results which have made our Free Church, with all its many faults, an honoured name and a household word throughout the Christian world. I will venture, also, and with equal confidence, to say this, that all through the many trying vicissitudes of a time that searched men as with candles, and that tested their spirit and character with a closeness and severity through which few could safely pass, Dr. Candlish showed himself to be one of the most disinterested, unselfish, generous, and single-minded of men.

To those, indeed, who saw him but occasionally and at a distance, he might appear abrupt, irritable, impatient. But a longer and better acquaintance with him seldom failed to do away with all such unpleasing impressions, by revealing the genuine kindliness of his nature and warmth of his heart. All men who are called to take any leading part in public life, and to deal with questions which keenly agitate and divide the public mind, must lay their account

with being both misrepresented and misunderstood. But, in the long run, the truth rises above the mists of passion and prejudice and error; and the man of real goodness and integrity gets his due, at the hands even of a somewhat sinister and censorious world. And Dr. Candlish is himself a striking example of this very thing. Not many men have been more harshly judged than, at times, it was his lot to be. But, as ^{he} was most impressively and affectingly proved on his funeral day, he had outlived it all. As the sun never shows so large as at his going down, so that burning and shining light, which has so recently been quenched in death, never seemed so great, or had so many eyes and so many hearts turned lovingly towards it, as when it was about to disappear from this earth for ever.

Behind the noble public life of which I have thus briefly and imperfectly spoken—let me now say, in drawing to a close—there lay, hidden from the outside world, a private life of the simplest, the most natural, the most unpretending kind. Standing, as I have done towards Dr. Candlish for well-nigh forty years, in relations of the closest intimacy,—an intimacy never broken or interrupted for even a single day, and over which there never came even the shadow of a passing cloud,—if any one, out of his own domestic circle, was in a position to know what manner of man he was, inside and out, it was he who now addresses you.

His defects and infirmities—and he was not without them—were easily seen, for they lay on the very surface of his singularly open and guileless nature; and seldom could a man be found at less pains to conceal them. He not only wore no mask, but he was incapable of wearing it; whatever was in him came out, and without reserve. He could not endure to *seem* other than he was. From nothing did he shrink with a deeper or more habitual aversion than from

using words, or assuming a tone, that went by a hair-breadth beyond his own convictions and feelings. Especially was this true when speaking on the subject of personal religion and of his own spiritual condition. It was not often, indeed, or with every one, he entered on that solemn theme at all ; but when he did, it was always with much feeling and with a truly touching humility.

The features of his character thus indicated continued to mark it as strongly as ever on to life's close. "Pray for me," he said, to one at his bedside, when his end was drawing near ; "that I may have a more lively sense of Christ's presence and salvation. And yet," he added, "I would only ask for that, if it be God's will, for I am satisfied. I have never believed in frames and feelings as grounds of confidence. I am not much concerned about *feeling* my personal interest in Christ. I know that my Redeemer liveth. That is enough for me."

His words to myself, about the same time, were these : "I would fain have had a more vivid and realizing sense of eternal things—of sin and salvation, and of the great coming change. But I am resting on the word which is unfailing and sure ; I am resting on Christ, and on Him crucified."

On yet another occasion, when speaking of his approaching decease, he said, with the same perfect naturalness and beautiful simplicity : "It is hard to realize the entire break between this life and the future. When I try to think of it, I always find myself still taking an interest in the ongoing of the world and of the Church after my death,—looking on at my own funeral, and so on,—and cannot realize an entirely new scene. There is so little revealed in Scripture, except that it is 'to be with Christ.' And I just think of *Him*."

In this unpretending, self-abasing, truth-loving way—which had all along been the habit of his religious life, and

which would not suffer him, by one iota, to exceed in utterance what he felt within—he said, on another occasion still: “This is the beginning of the end, and we must look it in the face. And I can look forward to it, not with raptures,—no, not anything like that; but I know in whom I have believed!”

I have ventured to make these dying words of your beloved and departed minister known, not merely because they so affectingly illustrate the child-like simplicity and utter absence of display which distinguished his character, but because they may prove, by God’s grace and blessing, a support and comfort, in their own dying experiences, to others.

I have now spoken of what Dr. Candlish was in the pulpit. There, he was a preacher who has left none like him in vigour and freshness of thought; in clearness of spiritual insight; in the power of dealing with the human conscience, and of forcing it into contact with the great facts of personal guilt and of personal responsibility; in the marvellous intellectual and exegetic skill with which he, so to speak, compelled every text to yield up its true meaning; and, above all, in the glowing earnestness and melting pathos with which he strove, in dependence on the aids of the Holy Spirit, to carry the truth home, not in word only, but in saving power, to the hearts of men.

I have spoken of what he was in the courts of the Church. There, he was a wise counsellor, a master of debate, a great and magnanimous leader; impetuous, sometimes, from the ardour of his disposition and the intensity of his feelings, but ever open to conviction, and ever ready to recall any rash word he had spoken, and to redress any wrong he had done. And while thus occupying for thirty years the fore-

most place in the conduct of the Church's public affairs, there was no man who, at the same time, toiled more laboriously in doing the Church's work, and in promoting her highest interests, behind the scenes, where no eye saw him but the eye of the Master, and where no reward could be earned but that which is found in the consciousness of doing good.

I have spoken of what he was in his private and inner life. There, he was a man without pretence, without malice, without guile; a man affectionate, cheerful, generous, confiding; a tender husband, a loving father, a true and constant friend; a humble Christian, who, when on his death-bed, asked that his people should pray for him,—not as a minister, but simply as a dying sinner, whose only hope was in the blood of Christ.

My last sight of him can never, while memory lasts, fade from my mind. Though suffering constant pain, he had no complaint to make, and spoke only of the graciousness of all God's dealings with him. His heart was full of love to all around him, and full of contentment and peace. His countenance had lost its careworn look. The furrows of time and toil and anxious thought had all been smoothed out from his broad, bright brow. It seemed as if already he had a foretaste of the rest into which he was so soon to enter. And now "he is not, for God hath taken him!" Absent from the body, he is present with the Lord; which is far better. Amen.

Sermon

BY THE REV. DR. RAINY.

SERMON

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"But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."—DAN. xii. 13.



THESE words were addressed to Daniel, now an old man, when his work was over, and little remained for him but to die. He had lived through a long life, which, though an exalted, had been in many ways a trying one. He had thought much and cared much for his people. He had occupied a high position in the hierarchy of a great heathen empire, serving and glorifying God in that peculiar post. He had received visions the most remarkable, revelations the most impressive, which were not for himself only, but were through him to be transmitted to the Church. All this was over. He had no more work to do, he had no more visions to see, it remained only to look forward to his last journey. But as he is dismissed—he who had received so many majestic messages for the Church—he receives this word for himself: "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

I. The first observation which I found on this passage is, that for God's servants this present life is a time of labour, and in respect of it their time of rest is not yet. They are

looking forward to their rest. This is the place of labour, with its accompanying measure of weariness and pain. Rest is an eventide blessing, and comes when the day ends. True, the gospel holds out a present rest, real and wonderful, to men believing. There is rest, indeed, in receiving the reconciliation, the redemption through Christ's blood, even the forgiveness of all trespasses. There is a rest, also, that arises in the new order and harmony of the soul brought home to God. The believer in Christ has reached a foundation that cannot be shaken, he has found a spring in which is resource enough for all service, and consolation enough against all sorrow. God is with him; Christ is with him; the Spirit of all grace is with him. Therefore there must be in his state an element of rest. The faith of all this lies at the root of all that a believer is and does.

And so it comes to pass that, as the servants of God go through this world, whatever toil befalls them is in a very emphatic manner mingled with actual ministries of rest, imparted to them by their Lord. These fall in, in time of need, fitly and effectually; the heart is calmed and cheered, the feeling of strength and resource revives, the man draws breath and looks around, his courage rises to set forth again. I say this befalls *them* in an emphatic manner. For, indeed, it is part of God's common bounty towards men; and men must take no common pains in sin, to deprive themselves of a large experience of it. No man runs the race of life all in one heat. There are innumerable breaks in life from which, in some sense, new beginnings offer themselves. Morning succeeds morning, and season follows season. And ever between come soothing influences, that persuade the relentless past to relax its grasp a little, so that rest renews the man. Thus it is in human life generally. But in Christian life it takes place in a quite

peculiar manner: for in Christian lives grace and providence join together to care for this interest of rest with a wise and loving completeness. A Christian may be exercised with hard and perplexing trial. But yet he must have, and he has, such a measure of rest mingled and infused, as a Father sees to be most meet for him. In the case of most, how much of this is given, and *how* much of it at every turn held out, if the eye were keen to mark it, and the hand prompt to take it! Would that we valued it more suitably, that we used it more wisely.

However, though all this be so, it is yet true that, called to rest in God, the Christian is also called to service; and this service has in it a laboriousness, a burden-bearing, an experience of weariness and an exercise of patience. That rest in God strengthens him to bear his burden, but does not annihilate it nor conjure it away. So, then, this life is the time of labour. The rest, as to this, remains. There may be an adherence to Christ and His word which steadies and supports the man—there may be many a refreshing vicissitude in the progress of his life reanimating and restoring—there may be an exhilarating sense of resource in the Saviour's grace, under the influence of which, at times, all burdens come light, and are lightly disposed of, as by one who triumphs in Christ. For all that, the present is a life of labour, not rested from as yet.

True, we stand fast—if we stand—in a risen Lord. Believers pertain to Christ risen and exalted, and He belongs to them. In Christ risen they are justified from sin—in Christ risen they are partakers of the Spirit—in Christ risen they share in a victorious life, which cannot fail in the Head, and shall not fail in the members. Their faith, marking the course of Christ through life, and death, and resurrection, and ascension, cleaves to Him as passed through all, and

they learn to reckon themselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God. As risen with Christ, they seek the things which are above, where Christ is. From Christ risen their life derives, and from the point of view of Christ risen, their progressive life is to be constructed and built up.

But yet, though they are in fellowship with Christ in glory, believers have to follow Christ in His humiliation. "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be." The life of faith in a triumphant Lord is exercised in infirmities, in labour, in patience.

This labour and patience of the servants of God may be said to have a body and a soul.

The body of it stands in the succession of things to be done and endured,—the things in which a man learns practically to comply with the will of God, and to embody continually his choice of the better part. These come in their succession with the hours of life, and in their variety as they respect the persons and the things that stand around us in God's providence. There is a will of God to be chosen and fulfilled in them, as they pass; a will of God to be accepted and endured. To do it, to bear it, has a peculiar sweetness and a great reward, if we have the faith of Christ and the spirit of adoption. Yet to do it and bear it, for those who live as yet by faith under much infirmity, compassed with temptation, and very sensible of pain, involves toil.

Then this labour, if it be alive, has a soul in it—a soul of faith, and love, and patience:—faith that depends on Christ and draws from Him; love that renders and yields itself to Him; patience that accepts burdens and toils, looking away to the hope that draws on behind them all. Now these dispositions are obstructed in their exercise by the conditions of our present life. Nay, they are not only obstruc-

ted in their exercise, but assailed in their very existence. They can live only in the confession of sin, in the renunciation of self, in the taking up of the cross, and in the resisting of temptation. Hence faith must not only work, but fight. How can this be without labour, without toil, without the dust and weariness of battle?

There is, then, much in life, and in God's service, that may make rest welcome, and render it a fit promise that the believer, after he has done the will of God, shall inherit rest. Commonly, in the case of thoughtful and progressive Christians, the sense of the preciousness of this blessing, and the craving for it, grow as life goes on. The service becomes more spiritual and loving, and yet the prospect of the rest becomes more attractive and endearing.

Let us ask ourselves whether this aspect of Christian life is to us practically intelligible,—not merely a matter of plausible discussion, but something that comes home. Do the work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope, open themselves at all in our experience, with elements of difficulty, and perplexity, and toil, and endurance, in connection with which rest becomes a hope—not the rest of defeat, or unconcern, but the rest of deliverance and of victory. Rest is sweet to the *labouring man*. It is he who plies the arduous oar, through the winds and currents of the changeful sea, that looks forward to the relief of laying it down when he has attained the other side. The service of Christ is no slavery, indeed; it is a free and loving service. But there does adhere to it, while we are here, a toil and an endurance.

Now, what has been said on this subject has, I believe, a peculiar verification in the case of some believers—I mean of those whom God calls to eminent place and work in His Church, bestowing upon them remarkable gifts, and gracing

them with a very large heart to spend and to be spent in His service, especially in times of trial and conflict.

It falls to the lot of such men, in a peculiar manner, to make the burden of Christ's cause their own. More than others they must take on themselves the responsibilities of the Church: thinking, forecasting, confronting Church duties, Church necessities, Church dangers, services which the Church may render, attainments which the Church may make. All this imposes not the less burden, but more, if, as in Churches which possess what we consider a scriptural constitution, such men have no exceptional power; only the moral power arising from the gifts bestowed on them, the confidence reposed in them, and their own peculiar grasp of principles which all their brethren hold along with them. That noway diminishes the responsibility, and it often largely multiplies the work. To them it falls in some great crisis, not only to counsel, but to animate; to inspire the needed tone of feeling, to organize and sustain action, to keep means and ends in train;—in a word, to feel within them the pulse of many hearts, to bear the strain of many forces, to hold on to great results through many perplexities. They live a larger life with more expense of mind and heart and power.

Whatever may be the burden which all this involves, one may suppose that a certain elevation and animation of feeling falls to the lot of men who thus see more, and more clearly, than others see, and can sway the minds and the affairs of men as others cannot do. Still more, to have large views of the work of God, to have a heart to design much, to attempt much, to expect much in His service, and in this course to live not without God's prospering blessing, must have in it a peculiar gladness and reward.

But it must have its own peculiar toil and pressure. And

the feeling of these will commonly *grow*. For, first, if a man sees further than others, he sees yet but a part, and a little part, of the great problem, the complex conditions which have to be dealt with. To see the whole is His prerogative who sits on high. In this way the element of the uncertain comes in, with its difficulties, and its added burdens of anxiety and responsibility. And then though men, the wisest, can see but a little way, yet we can all *see* further than we can *do*. The work that is done ever falls short of the want that is seen and the work that is planned. However generously and wisely the plans are laid, however steadfastly the work endeavoured, still the inexhaustible world plies its unwearied enginery of unbelief; the human heart reveals its myriad phases of the reluctant, the repugnant, the intractable. The bright conception of what the Church and the Church's labourers might be and do within the years of a mortal life, shoots out before with a blaze of promise when the work begins. What the Church becomes and her labourers do, lags far behind as the years advance. Moreover, as the blessing of God comes in at times with a fulness that none foresaw and none could plan, so elements of perversity and confusion come in as unforeseen. Commonly, also, the call to eminent work, and the opportunity for it, is connected with some impulse operating in society and in the minds of men; some impulse which the worker is peculiarly qualified to understand, and guide, and utilize to the service of Christ. The perception of such a tide in the affairs of men, and of its strength, and the consciousness of its possible results, must be one of the chief subordinate encouragements and elements of strength when a man of power first launches forth on any high career. But the tides of this great sea, of which we form a part, are inconstant. New currents run and cross or quell the old;

they bring new perplexity and new toil, they impose new conditions on the voyager, they raise new doubts to be mastered and subjugated by faith.

Hence it comes that those whose lives have been full of help and blessing, and have left the most durable and precious fruits, have often rendered the service through a peculiar experience. Others stand round them with loving and admiring hearts, thankful for great service rendered and great benefit conferred ; but their training draws into itself much of toil and battle, of burden and disappointment. This experience grows with time, needing ever new grace for endurance and submission. The crooked that cannot be made straight, and the lacking that cannot be numbered, come into manifestation and experience, out of measure and above strength. Through all this also goes the sense of personal unworthiness, deepening with self-knowledge and with trials. And, finally, God, in His faithful grace, willing to complete the discipline, adds, in His own way, special touches of decay and special pangs of disappointment. Now, there is no unkindness in this discipline. It makes way for a more purged and childlike faith in the unhasting God—a more meek submission, a more sublime and heavenly comfort : but it certainly does chasten the glow of the workman's delight in his toil ; it certainly does make very sensible the wear and stress of life in the service here ; it sets forth an admonition that this is not the rest, such as runs in a character hardly legible to others, but very plain to those whom it concerns. Often such men have expressed the lesson they had learned. It pervades the utterances of Luther's latter years. The settled form of speech of Knox's old days was his looking once to see an end of his painful battle. And the greatest of those who have served our Scottish Church in our days left it on record, in a singularly

pathetic passage, how the lesson of his old age, in connection with plans for the cause of Christ and of men's salvation—in which his heart, his powers, his life had been spent—was to submit himself to God's supreme disposal, and sit down, at the end of the day, content to put the unfinished work, the unfulfilled hopes, into God's hand again.

God's servants in this world have a labour and a patience in respect of which their rest comes not here. And a very peculiar discipline in this respect falls commonly to the lot of eminent servants of God, who are made great blessings to the Church in their day.

II. But this labour has its period. Then the labourer is sent away to his rest.

One has gone before us who never sinned, but who was conversant with sore temptation. He was the eternal Son of God ; but He became true man, and, as such, subject to the changes, and partaker of the experience, of time. Throughout His life on earth, His faith reposed on His Father's character and word as on an unshaken rock. Yet His was a history of labour and endurance which pressed sore on Him. He knew what it was to be weary, and grieved, and harassed. He knew what it was to spend strength, which to appearance was spent for nought and in vain. He knew what it was to look forward, with the anxious feeling of expectancy, to trouble coming, which should try the strength and the endurance: "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." He knew what it was to find that trouble passing from expectation into experience, so that He was very heavy, so that He cried for help, so that He endured the utter pang of one whom God had forsaken. Enduring all, His trial ended. Then He passed into a state of glorious rest. In that state He still works, working for God's glory and

our good. But now no more with toil, now no more with the troubled expectancy which was His experience before He died. Now with an ineffable possession of all that pertains to the glory He had with His Father before the world was, with the calm of a sublime rest pervading the energy of His loving administration, He moves on to all the results that must crown His work on earth.

But He has suffered, being tempted, and He is touched with the feeling of our infirmity ; and rest has been to Himself a very glad and welcome thing, coming after travail. Therefore, while He appoints to His servants their day of work, and amid the blessings of the life of faith disciplines them with their measure of toil and pain, He will certainly (and not too late) bring them into their rest. When they die in the Lord, they rest from their labours. The weariness, the perplexity, the feeling of being overburdened and overmatched (felt even when faith believes the contrary), the feeling of being worn, and strained, and broken, in the work of life, shall give place—it does give place—to a blessed and perfect rest. We ought not to grudge it to them when they pass away to it.

In speaking of it there may be a perplexity arising from the unknown, or at least unmeasured, differences that may exist between the state before the resurrection and the state after. But I shall not make anything of that. Whatever employment or change of employment pertains to the blessedness of the redeemed, or marks its progress and completion, no doubt this blessed rest persists through all.

But what can we say of it? How little we know, and how readily we may wrong that state with words ordered amiss by reason of darkness!

1. One thing certainly we may fix upon,—its sinlessness. There are times when this thought attains a peculiar

beauty, and comes over the mind with a peculiar comfort, in thinking of the blessed dead. At any time it might well move and draw us. Yes, they sin no more; they shall never sin any more; never once any more. No temptation shall assail them; no danger, such as compasses our footsteps here, shall ever haunt their path again. They are done with that. How easy watchfulness would be for them,—in that clear light, with those serene and ordered hearts, in that pure and holy air. But it needs not. The battle is ended, the enemy is conquered, the enemy is dead. For their own defence they need bear arms no more. So they rest. What exercise, what high employment, may be theirs, we do not know. But this wonderful rest goes through it. Sin and temptation come nigh them no more.

2. It may be worth while for one moment to think of the *constancy* that must be ascribed to that state, by the help of which we may the better conceive its rest.

Here we live in a continual experience of change. And the elements of change go deep into our lives, so that inconstancy becomes their inevitable character. The clouds darken down and hide the sun. Again, passing influences exhilarate us, and we all but wholly forget some deep evil within, some solemn danger near. Fixed and powerful characters retain indeed a constancy which we recognize and confess; yet it is but relative and practical. Religion gives a constancy of belief and of tendency that has in it the earnest of a better state, yet for the present it is maintained with difficulty in spite of the fluctuations of a tossing sea on which we float. But then, how different! We cannot tell, indeed, the manner of the relation to time which they sustain who have passed from earth to be with Christ. We cannot prescribe what grateful vicissitudes of feeling, and surrounding, and employment, may visit them. But how deep and clear

must be the consciousness below of the unchanging elements of their state. Looking backwards and forwards, how must the goodness of the Lord fill the scene; how must the perfect wisdom of the Lord's great plan rest their thoughts and their hearts; how must all change, if change there be, come only in to reveal it to them in some fresh form, that mercy and truth have met together, and have become theirs—most inwardly and for ever theirs. For want of some such constancy, our rest here is unquiet and precarious at best—a brief snatch of breathing; but they possess it there. What a foundation for a quick and mighty life, burning in God's service through the ages, yet ever more in its inward depths at rest!

3. Let us close this with saying, that it is a rest in love, in the love of God and Christ, experienced and responded to.

Is it not a strange thing to think that their state is one in which the manifestation of God in His majesty and His love communicates a perfect rest? Surely this is strange. We know how any great experience, religious or not, disquiets us here. The heart beats quick, and becomes too full, and joy itself becomes painful. Not so there: not so with those who are made conscious of the love that blesses them, and of the nearness of that uncreated and eternal Nature. What manifestations are theirs of the Father's name and the Father's grace; what deep, true, fit response to these; what fellowship with Jesus Christ, who loved them and gave Himself for them; what attainment in insight, in just and noble feeling, in deep and pure devotion! Yet it shall come communicating a perfect rest. With those that are gone to it, it is rest. The heart is not fevered; the pulse does not thrill unquietly; the eye that looks out on God, with so deep a worship, so true a love, so

glad an admiration, looks quietly, calmly, tranquilly, with a pervading consciousness of a perfect peace. How wonderful! This is indeed rest. Shall we compare it to the frank, untroubled gaze of the little child, as we know it on the earth? But these are spirits gathering wisdom and ripeness as the ages roll. Ah, well! into their strength and moral stature there is come the grace of a perfect childhood, with its absolute trust and its free-hearted joy. Then the great mystery of the Sonship of believers opens itself at last, and the heart utters all the meaning of the language of adoption,—Abba, Father.

III. I ought to observe to you, thirdly, that there is a lot for God's servants at the end of the days. I must leave this mainly to your own thoughts.

We have seen how the servant is exercised on this earth, with the feeling that his wisdom and his strength come short—that vanity cleaves to his works—that decay overtakes him. We may stand round admiring and thankful; but he is forced to render all, many ways imperfect and perplexed, into God's hands—submitting to the discipline which will not admit into life the rest of a complete success.

But in his lot, at the end of the days, he shall find the work in which he bore a part perfected. In the wisdom of God the great result shall emerge fully achieved, bearing no trace of imperfection.

And he shall find his own labour in it. His works follow him. Every effort made in faith and humility has its recognized and honourable place. It was not thrown away; it was not a failure after all. So, when God subjects his servants to that discipline which the most eminent of them, and those that have served most faithfully, have experienced, He is not sending them away as useless servants. Not so. Only the *manifestation* of the grace with which he gladdens

them is delayed till all can rejoice together. They are lost to our view for awhile. When they reappear, they come "bringing their sheaves with them." Yes, they come, not with sheaves only, as labourers whose work abides, but with wreaths also, as conquerors that have overcome, partakers in a victory that has become complete and eternal. "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

Such are some of the thoughts that may occur in connection with the departure of him whose loss we mourn, and of whom it is our humble trust that he has departed to be with Christ, which is far better. After the touching words spoken this morning by one so peculiarly authorized to speak, I know not that I have anything to offer further that might not better remain unspoken.

This was observable of him, that whatever his range of powers, he gave himself up wholly to the Church of Christ, to the ministry of the Scottish Church—of the Church as in Scotland we have conceived its message and its work. Of the main convictions and tendencies thus indicated, he took intense possession; he felt in them, he ascribed to them a nobility and a beneficence which never became doubtful to him; and this intense possession kindled into flame in the vehement experiences of the years that preceded and followed 1843. This ministry of the Church had won his mind and heart. He never affected to belong to another fellowship, to speak from another standpoint. He had his eyes very open to the movements of thought and feeling in circles far removed from his, was prompt to understand them, curious to scrutinize them, anxious to speak to them, but always from his own point of view, and with the most unreserved utterance of his own convictions.

He took up on its nobler side, and with the expansiveness suited to his own genius, this Scottish conception of the Church, as the institute to which the carrying on of the work of Christ by the Word is mainly committed. How much could be made of the pulpit, no doubt, yet not of the pulpit only, but of the Church also, as an institute which draws into itself the strength of the individual lives to give back that strength enhanced, and works with common forces, for common ends, was with him a practical conviction operative throughout his whole career. In this widest form of it he was a Scottish minister. To this form of life he brought the genius of a preacher, a thinker, a man rarely gifted to mould and move his fellows by every form of speech, a practical guide of men and affairs. His life fell on a time of trial and crisis, constituting a great opportunity and creating great possibilities. With these predispositions, and in these exceptional circumstances, his lot was to be of the foremost. What his comrades were, we heard in the forenoon. And, without contradiction, I may say of him that he, above all others, represented the *vis viva* of the Church, and was the means of awaking and reinforcing it; he, above any other, stood connected with its impulse, its activity, its energy. The scale on which our convictions and our principles were embodied in actual organized results, the conceptions of what might be aimed at, and dared, and done, derived from him more than from any other man. To the attainment of these results incalculable service was rendered by his extraordinary power of planning, organizing, setting in motion and keeping in motion. But while all this multifarious power served, that which it served was a great Christian thought. It was his conception, which he always refused to lower, of the amount and kind of work for the good cause that might be attempted

and performed by the Church of Christ, and especially by a Church placed in our peculiar circumstances. It was his conviction, deep and strong, that, in order to sustain and reinforce an exceptional zeal in the people, the Church should manifestly count upon that zeal, and should go forward, not questioning that the Lord's grace would draw it out.

So much he had to do with the Church's activities. But his place and service were not less eminent in connection with that which underlies all activities—I mean those main convictions, those characteristic principles which determine the peculiar genius and influence of every branch of the Church. His mastery here was amply proved before the Disruption, was constantly relied on after it. To the end the Church, on every great occasion, looked to him for the guiding and uniting, as well as the inspiring and elevating utterance. It was by him she found her better or holier instinct expressed or evoked, and the latent possibilities of her principles and her position expounded. Whether as regards utterance and action on questions that lay within her own domain, or as regards public questions that concerned the whole community, there was no one to whom she looked to form and to express her mind as to him.

Those who see nothing memorable in the Disruption, nothing worthy in the action and influence of a Church with the principles of ours, will naturally think his life a mistake, a force thrown away. Be it so. He spent himself in this line ungrudgingly; because he felt that along the line of the constitution and principles of the Free Church, the work of the Catholic Church of Christ in ministering the gospel could be done, and the ends of that Church attained. And we accept the testimony of his great predecessors and comrades as well as his, that they found their work in this line worthy of all their devotion, and the place not

too strait for them. That the same sympathy with the main Christian interests regulated his thinking and his work as a theologian ; that here also he carried the sympathies of a Catholic Christian thinker into the heart of the convictions which he held as a Scottish Presbyterian, I should not count it difficult to show, were this the time or place. It appeared both in the manner in which he confronted teaching which he thought to be amiss, and in the manner in which he formed and stated his own views of truth.

But if any one should still doubt whether, through all his activities, his main effort was, as I have asserted, to promote the gospel and the cause of Christ among men, or only to advance the credit and interests of a sect, then I should appeal to you—to your experience of his interest in all that worked towards practical ends, to your remembrance of his prayers, and to your knowledge of his preaching. To you it is needless to characterize that preaching. You know how the gospel of the grace of God was made to penetrate through every kind of contemplation for which the pulpit can find a theme. You know how the Word of Christ was opened up. You know how singularly practice was worked out and presented in combination with Christian grace and truth—how life by Christ and life in Christ were made luminous to your minds, and commended to your hearts. What other qualities that preaching had, needs no words of mine to declare. I have said so much and no more, because I am aware that in the case of very many here the remembrance even of the intellectual splendour of his preaching gives way to the more impressive and more touching remembrance of personal indebtedness to the preacher for spiritual good received by his means. And you knew the man. You knew his utter freedom from everything sordid. You knew the warmth and sincerity of

his friendship. You knew his manliness and his generosity. You know how incredulous he was of anything base or evil in others, how ready to repose trust, how surprised and pained when narrow and ungenerous natures denied it to himself. But I pause. It is vain, and hardly seemly, thus to multiply words.

His departure is a great event for our Church. He so represented the spirit of the time we have seen, its aspiration and achievement, its courage and its faith, that his passing seems almost to carry along with it that time itself, closing the era; almost to carry away with it the spirit of that time, leaving us to "other manners, other times," in which the Church may as well resign herself to fall back into a lower life. For changes are telling us how rich we have been, and how poor we are becoming. But let us guard, let us heedfully guard, against impressions that do wrong to faith. Let us be assured that the gifts and the grace for each time and for ours are in His keeping who changes not. Prayer will bring them down. Lord, teach us to pray.

His departure is a great event for this congregation. The loss is sore. The blank is very great. It is well to mourn it. It is well to be stirred and roused by it. But yet, if your late pastor's voice could reach you now, speaking to your present case—if he, breaking the silence, could admonish you as in former days he used to do—what words should you hear of confidence in God and of ceasing from man, what lofty and generous words of faith! His faith let us follow, remembering the end of his conversation.

